Accessions
149,458

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.
Received May, 1873.
Not to be taken from the Library.

The Ladies' Frolick. 1783

The author of this play was
James Love. It was acted at
Drury Lane in 1770, & was never
printed. See the Biog. Dramat.

The Ladies Frolick.

As performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Taken from the Jovial Crew with Alterations,

[redacted]

By Jasper Love - Acted at D. L. 1770

Never printed. Lee Boxy. Dram

c

Duett to be introduced P. 30. after "now they spy me."

Rachel. My daddy is gone to his grave,
Meriel. My mother lies under a stone,
Rac. — And never a penny I have
Mer. — Alas! I am quite undone!
Rac. — My lodging is in the cold air
Mer. — And hunger is sharp, and bites,
Rac. — A little, sir, pray, sir, spare.
Mer. — To keep us warm o' nights.

The following may be introduced in the 1st Act. Page 17. after "Hark! you hear the cuckow."

In the pleasant month of May,
When the pretty ~~birds~~ birds begin to sing,
What a shame at home to stay,
Nor enjoy ~~the~~ the smiling spring!
Verdant meads, and greenwood gay,
Claim the merry-roundelay!

Now the genial breath of Spring
Wakes the warblers of the grove,
Who, sweet birds, that hear you sing, &c.

14B, 45-8-41 Orig.

Dramatis Personæ

		at Drury-Lane 1783.
Justice Clack.	by Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Waldron.
Hilliard.	Mr. Bannister.	Mr. Williames.
Vincent.	Mr. Fawcett.	Mr. Staunton.
Oliver.	Mr. Dodd.	Mr. Dodd.
Scentwell.	Mr. Lings.	Mr. Burton.
Rachel.	Miss Radley.	Miss Phillipps.
Meriel.	Miss Rogers.	Miss Field.

Beggars

1st Beggar	Mr. Chapman	1st Beggar Woman	
2d Do.	Mr. Alfred	2d Do.	Mrs. Love.
3d Do.	Mr. Wright.	3d Do.	Mrs. Smith.
4th Do.	Mr. Phillimore	4th Do.	
5th Do.	Mr. Chaplin.		
6th Do.	Mr. Fawcett		

Beggars, Dancers, &c

Scene, Justice Clack's House, in the Country, Adjacent.

The Ladies Frolick

Act 1.st

F. Waldron

Scene ... a Barn

Beggars Discover'd in it Singing

Chorus

Freedom, ever envied Blessing,
Freedom is the Beggars Joy;
We, her choicest gifts possessing,
Taste the bliss that ne'er can cloy.

{The Beggars come forth from the Barn} 1.st Beg. Man

Now all are discontented grown,
And fain would change condition;
The Courtier envies now the Clown
The Clown turns Politician.

1.st Beg. Woman

Ambition still is void of wit,
And makes a woeful figure;
But none of 'em all e'er envy'd yet
The Life of a Jovial Beggar.

2/

2nd Beg. Man

The man who hourly racks his brain
To encreave his useless Store,
Still dreads a fall, and lives in pain,
While we can fall no lower;

2nd Beg. Wom.

The Dame of rich attire that brags,
Would willingly unrig her,
Did She but know the Joys of rags,
And the Life of a Jovial Beggar.

1st Beggar

Where's our next ~~meeting~~ rendevous?

2 Hilliard. Vincent. Meriel. Rachel.

2nd Beg

Neither in Village, nor in Town
But three miles off, on Maple-Common.

3d Beg

And there will we be frolick.

Song

1st Beg. Man

And he that will not merry merry be
With a pretty Lass in a bed, I

I wish he were in our Church Yard
with a Tomb Stone over his head:
He, if he cou'd, to be merry, merry there,
We to be merry merry here;
For who does know where we shall go
To be merry another year brave boys,
To be merry another Year.

=

Chorus

Freedom ever envied Blessing,
Freedom is the Beggars Joy;
We, her choicest Gifts possessing,
Taste the bliss that néer can cloy.

Exeunt to the Barn.

Scene. an Apartment in
Justice Clack's House.

Enter ~~Vincent~~, Hilliard, Vincent Merid and Rachel. OP

Chamber. 2d. Gr.

Hilliard

How I admire the felicity of these
Beggars.

Vincent

Beggars! they are the only people

people can boast the benefit of a free State, in the full enjoyment of Liberty, mirth and ease. who would have lost ^this sight of ~~these~~ ^their revels? What think you Ladies? are they not the happiest Society in the Nation?

Meriel

Happier than we, I'm sure, who are thus pent up here in our Father's House, while they have the enjoyment of the free air at pleasure, in all variety.

Rachel

And tho' I am certain we have merrier Spirits than they, yet to live thus confin'd makes me as dull as a Dormouse.

Song

See how the Lambs are sporting
Hark how the warblers sing
See how the Doves are courting
All nature hails the Spring
Let us enjoy the blessing
Beggars alone are free
Free from employment
Their life is enjoyment

Beyond expressing, ~~beyond expressing~~
~~happy~~, happy they wander
and happy sleep under
The Greenwood Tree.

Hilliard

Why Ladies you have surely liberty enough, when you may take what you please.

Meriel

Yes, under our Fathers Direction, rule, & government, or by his allowance — what's that to absolute Freedom? such as these very Beggars have, to Feast and revel here to Day, and yonder to morrow next Day where we please, and so on still, the whole Country and Kingdom over, there's Liberty! the birds of the air can take no more.

Rachel

And then our Father is so ~~perverse~~ ill-humour'd of late, (what perverse spirit soever possesses him, would I could conjure it out) ~~of late~~ that he makes us ~~very~~ ever unhappy. We used to be as free and merry as we pleas'd before him, and it

was

was the delight of his heart to
see us chearful.

Meriel

What Tales have been told him of us, Or
what he suspects I know not, but I
am weary of his Howse

Rachael

Does he think us wanton, because
we sometimes talk as lightly as
great Ladies.[2]

Meriel

As if a demure look was a security
for Virtue!

Song

How sweet is the Evening air
When the Lasses all prepare
So trim and so clean
To trip it o'er the Green
And meet with their sweethearts there!
While the pale Town Lass
Disguises her face,
To squeak at a Maquerade
Where the proudest Prude
May be subdued,

And when she cries you're rude
You may conclude
She will not die a maid

Rachael

I can swear safely for the Innocence of one of us as far as word and Deed goes — marry thoughts are free.

Meriel

Which is that one of us, Pray?

Rachel

Good Sister Meriel, Charity begins at home. But I protest I think as charitably of thee, and not only because thou art a Year younger neither.

Vincent

Will you hear our proposal Ladies?

Meriel

Pshaw! you would marry us presently out of our Fathers way, because he has given you a foolish kind of promise, but we will see him in a better humour first

Hilliard

'Tis like that course would cure him
wou'd you but embrace it

Rachel

We will have him cur'd first, I tell
you, and you must wait that season
and our Leisure; in the mean time
we have a frolick in our heads which you must join in.

Vincent

We are for any Adventure with you
Ladies.

Meriel

I remember an Old Song of my
Nurses every word of which she
believ'd as much as her Psalter, that
us'd to make me long when I was
~~a Girl~~ a child to be abroad in a moonlight
night. [illegible]

Song

At night by moonlight on the plain
With raptrue how I've seen,
Attended by her harmless train,
The little Fairy Queen
Her midnight revels sweetly keep
While mortals are involv'd in sleep
They trip it o'er the Green

round
And where they danc'd their chearful -
The morning would disclose,
For where their nimble feet do bound
Each flow'r unbidden grows:
The daisy (fair as Maids in May)
The cowslip in his gold array
And blushing ~~violet~~ violet 'rose.

Hilliard

But you certainly my dear Girls have no real intention of taking a Ramble. What will your father think of it - We may perhaps so ~~far~~ much offend him in it, he may never consent to our Union, 'tis so strange a thought I know not how to account for it, but from the natural whimsicalness of your Sex.

Meriel

Come hither Rachel (They whisper)

Both Women

Ha! ha! ha.

~~What the conceit I wonder~~

Rachel

And then, Meriel, hark again — (Whisper

Both Wom

Ha! ha! ha!

Vincent

What's the conceit, I wonder?

Both Womn.

Ha, ha! ha!

Hilliard

Some merry one, it seems.

Both Women

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Vincent

How they are taken with it!

Rachel

Well, gentlemen, can you guess at our thoughts, or what we are laughing at.

Hilliard

No, indeed, Ladies — we must be little

less

less than Conjurors to know the thoughts
or mind of any of your Sex.

Air

The Mind of a Woman can never be known
You never can guess it aright
I'll tell you the Reason,
She knows not her own
It changes so often e'er Night
I'won'd puzzle Apollo his Whimsies to follow
His Oracle would be a Jest
She'll frown when she's kind
Then quickly you'll find
She'll change with the Wind
And often abuses the man that she chuses
And what she refuses likes best

Rachel

Indeed my good Sir, notwithstanding
anything you may be pleas'd to say
of the ~~Wonderfulness~~ ficklenes^ of our Sex, we
are of the Girls Mind who would not

Take

tak'o the man she lik'd best, till she was sure he lov'd her well enough to live in a Cottage with her_ and we have a project in our heads to put your Loves to the proof.

Vincent

Well, Ladies, if your project is ripe, poſsess us with the Knowledge of it_ you know we have vow'd to wait on you any how, and any where.

Meriel

And you will stand to it?

Vincent

Ay, and go t'ot with you, wherever it be; What say you, are you for a trip to Bath?

Meriel

No, no; not till the Doctor knows not what Else to do with us.

Vincent

Vincent

[redacted] Would you be courted to go to London?

Rachel

Few country Ladies need be ask'd twice: [redacted] to go there, and you are a bold man to propose it.

Air. 7th

How few like you would dare advise
To trust the Towns deluding arts
Where love in daily Ambush lies
And triumphs over heedless hearts
(2)
How few like you would thus deny
T'indulge the tempting dear delight
Where daily pleasure charms the Eye
And Joys superior crown the Night

Hilliard

In the Name of wonder, what would you do?

Meriel

Pray tell it 'em, Sister Rachel

Rachel

Why Gentlemen then thus it is — you seem'd just now to admire the felicity of Beggars.

Meriel

And have engag'd to Join us in any whimsical adventure we'll propose

Rachel

Will you go with us, and for our sakes turn beggars?

meriel

It is our resolution and we command you to Obey us.

Rachel

But for a time, and a short Ramble

Vincent

What Rogues are these? Beggars!

Hilliard

A ~~Unpleasant~~ pleasant tryal of our Loves & service!

Rachel

Are you resolv'd upon it? if not, farewel; We are resolv'd to take our ~~leave~~

our counsel)

3
{Cuckow Birds}

Meriel

Let yours be to keep counsel —

Vincent

~~Stay, Stay~~ Turn Beggars. are we not ~~a~~ 2
such already?

~~Song~~

Vincent. Duet:

We beg but in a higher strain
Than vorded Slaves who beg for gain

Hilliard

No paltry Gold or Gems we want
We beg what you alone can grant

Vincent

No lofty Titles, no renown
But something greater than a Crown

Hilliard

We beg not wealth or Liberty
We beg your humble Slaves to be

Vincent

We beg your snowy hands to kiss
Or Lips if you'd vouchsafe the Bliss

Hilliard

And if our faithful vows can move
E'en Gods might envy us your Love

Vincent

The boon we beg, if you deny,
Our fates decreed, we pine and die.

Hilliard

For life we beg, for life implore
The poorest wretch can beg no more

Both.

The poorest wretch can beg no more

Rachel

That will not serve — your time's not
come yet for that — you shall beg
victuals first.

Vincent

O now I conceive your meaning; your
begging progress is only to ramble out this
Summer, among your Fathers Tenants

4 Beggars &c. &c.

Meriel

Not so, not so.

Vincent

Why so we may be a kind of civil Beggars.

Rachel

I mean stark errant downright Beggars, ay, without equivocation, Statute Beggars. ~~Meriel~~. Current and vagrant, stockant and whippant beggars!

Vincent

'Fore Heaven! I think they are in earnest; for they were always mad.

Hilliard

And we were madder than they if we should lose them.

Vincent

'Tis but a ~~trick~~ trick of youth, as they say, for the Spring or a short progress; and mirth may be made out of it, if we knew how to carry it.

Rachel

Pray Gentlemen be sudden - hark! you hear the cuckow! | Cuckow without.

Hilliard

Well Ladies, since you will have it so, we are ready to attend you.

Rachel

That's well said — follow us then,
and be as chearful as the ragged
Rogues we are going to mix with —
{Birds sing without} hark! ~~we are~~ the birds summon us forth.

Hill & Vincent

We follow you.

Duet

Rachel & Meriel

Rachel

Abroad we will wander to hear the birds sing
I'll enjoy the fresh air & the charms of the Spring

Meriel

We'll beg for our bread then if the Night's raco
We'll keep ourselves warm on a bed of clean straw

Rachel

How blest is the beggar who takes the fresh air

Meriel

Tho hard is his lodging and coarse is his fare,

Rachel

Confinement is hateful

Meriel

Meriel

And pleasure destroys

Both

His freedom alone is the parent of Joys.

Exeunt PS

Scene the inside of a Barn

All the Beggars Discover'd again

Song

1st Beg. Man with a mug of Ale.

We'll glad our hearts with the best of our cheer
Our Spirits we'll raise with his honors strong Beer
All strangers to hope and regardless of fear
We'll make this the merriest night of the Year.

Chorus

We'll make this the merriest night of the Year

2nd Beg Man

Nor Sorrow nor pain, amongst us shall be found
To our Master's good health shall the cup be crown'd
That long he may live, and in bliss abound
Shall be every man's wish, while the Bowl goes round

Chorus

Shall be every mans &c

3d Beg Man

Our wants we can't help nor our poverty cure;
To-morrow may'nt come, of to night we'll make (sure)
We'll laugh and lie down, although we are poor,
And our Love shall remain, tho' the Wolf's at the (door.

Chorus

~~The Door~~, And our Love &c

4th Beg Man

Then brisk & smart shall our mirth go round
With antick measures we'll beat the ground
To pleasure our Master in Duty bound,
We'll Dance till we're lame, & drink till we're (sound.

Chorus

~~We'll Dance~~ we'll Dance &c

1st Beg. Man

Oh well done, well done my Jolly
hearts, let us still be merry.

2d. Beg. Ever merry, till envy sicken at our full happiness.

3d. Beg. What is an estate of wealth and power
compar'd with our freedom! (2nd

1st Beg Man

Come now a Dance, ~~a Dance~~ all. ay, a dance! a dance! get ready
your Crutches. but first let us sing
the part-Song I made for you, that which contains all our
Characters, I mean those we had in ~~Lotts~~ former
times.. there is not such a collection of oddities
~~rum fellows~~ perhaps in all Europe....
Hem. be silent there!

Song

1st Beg Man

I once was a Poet in London
I keep my heart still full of glee
There's no man can say that I'm undone
For begging's no new Trade to me,
Tol lol.. de.. rol.

2nd Beg Man

I was an Attorney at Law
And after a Knight of the post;
Give me a brisk wench in clean Straw
And I value not who rules the roast.
Tol derol &c.

3d Beg. Man

Make room for a Soldier ~~to Huff~~ so bluff,
Who valiantly strutted about

Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,
And then he most wisely sold out.
Tol de rol &c -

A Beg man

Here comes a Courtier polite Sir
Who flatter'd my Lord to his face;
Now railing is all his delight, Sir
Because he miss'd getting a place
Tol de rol &c -

5 Beg man

I still am a merry gut Scraper
My heart never yet felt a Qualm;
Tho poor, I can frolick and vapour,
And Sing any tune but a psalm.
Tol de rol &c -

6 Beg man

I was a fanatical Preacher
I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd,
But my hearers had half starv'd their teacher
For they believ'd not one word that I said
Tol de rol &c

1st Bayman

Whoéer would be merry and free,
Let him list, and from us he may learn
In Palaces who shall you see
Half so happy as we in a Barn.

Tol de rol &c

Dance of Beggars.

End of the 1st Act.

Act 2nd

Scene... The Country

Enter Hilliard and Vincent ~~[illegible]~~ P.S
Dress'd like Beggars

2
Rachel
Meriel

Hilliard

Is this the life we admir'd in others with envy of their happiness?

Vincent

Pray let us make a Virtuous use of our experience in it, by steering our course homewards before I'd endure such another night.—

Hilliard

What would'st thou do? I wish thy Mistress heard thee!

Vincent

I hope she does not, for: I know there's no altering our course, till they make

the

the motion; but 'tis strange we shoud
be weary already before their softer
Constitutions.[2]

Hilliard

They are the stronger in Will, it Seems.

Song

Tho' Women 'tis true are but tender
Yet Nature does strength, still supply
Their Will is too strong to surrender
They're obstinate Still, till they die

In vain you attack 'em with reason
Your Sorrow you only prolong
Disputing is always high Treason
No Woman was e'er in the Wrong.

Vincent

Well, never did Knights-Errant,
in any adventures merit more of
their Ladies, than we Beggars-errant,
or errant Beggars do of ours.——

Enter Rachel & Meriel Dress'd like Beggars PS.

Rachel

Have a Care good Meriel; what ever hearts or limbs ~~we have~~ we have; and tho' never so feeble, let us set our best faces on't, and laugh our last gasp out, before we discover any dislike or weariness to them — For my part I am resolv'd to bear it out till they complain first.

Meriel

I am sorely tir'd already, and so cramp't with our hard Lodging in the Straw. —

Rachel

Think not on't — I am numb'd i'th' Shoulders too, a little, and have found the difference between a hard floor with a little Straw, and a Down bed with ~~a Quilt upon it~~ Holland Sheets. — But no

words

words, nor a sower look, I pray thee.

Hilliard

O here they are!

Vincent

Peace, they see us.

Rachel & Meriel

Ha, ha! ha!

Vincent

We are glad our Elegant figures plase you

Rachel

How is it possible but we must admire you - now you appear the glories of the Spring, darlings of Phabus, and the Summers heirs

Song

3 Oliver } Woe betide each tender fair
Who now beholds you must adore you
Such a shape & such an air
Will make each beauty fall before you

Narcissus' fate & yours were one
Could you but your own charms discover
You'd die as many a fop has done
Only of himself a Lover

Hilliard & Vincent

Ha! ha! ha!

Rachel & Meriel

Ha! ha! ha! we're glad you are so merry.

Vincent

merry, ay, and lusty too; this day we'll be as happy as the ~~jolliest couple~~ jovial crew in the Barn. They are pleas'd and never like to be weary. ——— aside to Hilliard

Hilliard

No more must we, if we ~~will~~ would be theirs.
~~aside to Hil~~ aside to Vincent.

Meriel

Peace! here come Passengers — you two retire, and let my Sister and I

I accost 'em.

Exeunt Hilliard & Vincent PS.

Rachel & Meriel. retire.

Enter Oliver OP

Oliver

Either my eyes have deceiv'd me, or I have seen a brace of the Handsomest Beggar Wenches that ever grac'd Ditch or Hedge side — I pass'd by them in haste, but something so possesses me, that I must — what the Devil must I! — a Beggar! — why, Beggars are flesh and blood, and rags are no Diseases; and there is wholesomer flesh under country dirt, than City painting — Oh! — —

Rachel & Meriel come forward

Here they come! they are delicately skinn'd

and Limb'd! — Now they Spy me.

Rachel

Sir, I beseech you look upon us with the favour of a Gentleman! — we are in a present distress, and utterly unacquainted in these parts, and therefore forced, by the calamity of our misfortunes, to implore the Courtesy or rather Charity of those to whom we are Strangers.

Oliver

Very fine this!

Meriel

Be therefore pleas'd, right noble Sir to cast a handful or two of your silver, or a few of your golden pieces. to a couple of distress'd damsels.

Oliver

They begin in a high Strain! sure they are mad or bewitched into a Language they don't understand — The spirits of

some

some decay'd Gentry talk in'em sure.

Rachel

May we expect a gracious answer from you, Sir?

Meriel

And that, as you wish our Virgin prayers to be propitious for you. —

Duett

O! may your Mistress ne'er deny
The Suit which you shall humbly move

Rachel

And may the fairest Virgin's eye
And be ambitious of your Love

Meriel

If Honour lead

Rachel

May you succeed

Meriel

By love inspir'd

~~Rachel~~

With [redacted] Conquest crown'd

Rachel. To follow Page 31.

And when you wed
~~Meriel~~
your bridal bed
~~Rachel~~ Both
With wealth and endless joys abound -
Both
With wealth &c &

Oliver

This is very extraordinary - [aside]
pray tell me how long you have been beggars?
or how chanc'd you to be so?

Rachel

By influence of our stars, Sir!

Meriel

We were born to no better fortune.

Oliver.

How came you to sing and talk thus,
~~and~~ so much above the Beggars' dialect?

Rachel

Our speech came naturally to us; and we
ever lov'd to learn songs, ditties, & madrigals
by rote as well as we could.

Meriel

And to be ambitious above the vulgar beggars, to
ask more than common alms; whatever Gentlefolks please to
give us

Rachel

And when you wed

Meriel

Your bridal bed.

Rachel

With wealth & endless Joys abound.

Both. with wealth &c

please to give us.

Oliver

Sure some well dispos'd Gentleman
like myself, got these Wenches -

Rachel

Pray Sir, your Noble Charity

Oliver

What a tempting lip that little Rogue
has! and what an enticing eye the
other. O, what a provoking skin is there! the very touch
inflames me. Song

Come hither pretty maid, with a ~~black~~ bright eye & rolling
What a look was there does all my senses charm
Come hither pretty dear for I swear I long to try
A little, ~~love~~ little love ~~which~~ will do thee, Child, no harm

That

That air that grace that lovely milk white skin
Oh! which shall I embrace Oh! where shall I begin
For if I stay I both of them must woo —
I had better run away than deal at once with two.

Rachel

Are you mov'd in Charity towards us yet?

Oliver

Mov'd! yes faith, I am mov'd; no flesh
and blood ^ was ever more mov'd.

Meriel

Then pray Sir your Benevolence

Oliver

Benevolence! which shall I be benevolent
to? or ^ to which first? I am puzzled in the
choice. would some brother ~~sinner~~ in iniquity were
here to draw ~~Lots~~ Lots with me.

Rachel

Sir! noble Sir!

~~Long~~ Duett.

Can nothing Sir, move you, our sorrows to mend
Have you nothing to give ~~Sir~~ have you nothing to
lend

Meriel

You see the sad fate we poor Damsels endure
Can't Charity move you to grant us a cure

Rachel

My heart does so heave I'm afraid it will break
Of Victuals we've scarce had a morsel this Week

Meriel

How hard is your heart, how unkind is your eye
If nothing can move you good Sir to comply

Both

How hard is your heart &c &c. ——

Oliver

First let me tell you, Damsels, I am bound by a strong vow to kiss all of your Sex, I meet this morning.

Meriel

Beggars and all Sir.[2]

Oliver

All, all! let not your coyness cross a Gentleman's vow, I beseech you.

{Kisses them.}

Meriel

You'll tell now!

Oliver

Tell! I cou'd tell a thousand on those lips, and as many more on those. — what life restoring breaths they have! Milk from the Cow Steams not so Sweetly — I must have one of them.

Rach: & Meriel

Sir! Sir. —

Oliver

But how to bargain, with them now will be the difficulty; they that beg so high as by the handfuls; I shall never be able to satisfy them.

Rachel

Now Sir, will you be pleas'd —

Oliver

With all my heart, Sweet; and I'm glad you know my mind — here's a Shilling for you.

Rach: & Meriel. 4 { Vincent. Pilliard.

We thank you Sir. —

Oliver

That's but an earnest; I'll jest away the rest with you — look here! all this! Come you know my meaning.

~~Song~~. Duet

Rachel

Wou'd you hurt a tender creature
Whom your Charity should save

Meriel

Is it in your gentle nature
Thus to triumph o'er a slave

Rachel

Fye for shame Sir,

Meriel

You're to blame Sir, can your Worship stoop so low

Rachel

Tho you're above me 'twill behove me
Still to answer no no no.

Both

Still to answer &c &c

Oliver

Must you be drawn to't.[2] then I'll pull you ~~away~~ come Away.

Rach: & Meriel

Ah, ah, ah! —

Enter Vincent and Hilliard P.S.

Vincent

Let's beat his brains out

Oliver

Come Leave your Squeaking.

Hilliard

O, do not hunt 'em Master.[1]

Oliver

Hunt em. I meant 'em but too well — shall I be so prevented.[2]

Hilliard

They be young and simple — if they have offended let not your Worships own hands drag 'em to the Law. — It is the Beadle's Office.

Oliver

D'ye talk Shag-rag.[2]

{ 5 Beggars.

Vincent & Hilliard

Shag-rag.[1]

{ Offer to beat Oliver, ~~and~~ he runs off. } OP

Rachel

Look you here, Gentlemen, Six pence a piece

Meriel

Besides fair offers, and large promises, What have you got to day, Gentlemen.[2]

Vincent

More than ~~I~~ as ~~would~~ Gentlemen, I've would have taken.

Hilliard

Yet we put it up in your Service

Rach & Meriel

Ha.[1] ha.[1] ha.[1] Switches and Kicks.[2] ha.[1] ha.[1] ha.[1]

Vincent

When we are in a place of safety will tell you —
The eager Gentleman's repulse may arm him

him, and return him with revenge upon us—
we must therefore Leap hedge and Ditch 'till
we escape out of this Liberty to our next
Rendezvous, where we shall again meet the jovial crew;
and then be merry as the day's
long.

Rachel

Hold out dear Meriel. *aside to her.*

Meriel

Lead on, brave Generals—

Vincent

What shall we do?—they are in heart still;
Shall we go on?

Hilliard

There's no flinching back you see

Vincent

We must do something to be taken and
discover'd; we shall never be ourselves, and
get home again else

Hilliard

Here come the Jovial Crew. their Joys
we partake of, tho' their vocation is in

some

some measure practis'd by all Mankind.

Enter Beggars P S & O P. 6

{ Beggars
Constables
Centurell

Song. Hilliard

That all men are beggars you plainly may see
For beggars there are of every Degree
Tho' none are so blest or so happy as we.
Which nobody can deny.

Meriel

The Courtier he begs for a Pension, a place
A Ribbon, a title, a smile from his Grace,
'Tis due to his merit, is writ in his face.
Which nobody shou'd deny

Rachel

But if by mishap he shou'd chance to get none
He begs you'd believe that the Nation's undone
There's but one honest Man. and himself is that one.
Which nobody dares deny.

Vincent

The Tradesman he begs that his Wares you would buy
Then begs you'd believe that the price is not high

And swears tis his trade when he tells you a lye.
Which Nobody can deny.

Hilliard

The Lawyer he begs you would give him a fee Tho
Tho he reads not your brief, and regards not your
Then advises your foe how to get a Decree.
Which Nobody can deny.

Rachel

The fair one who labours whole mornings at home
New charms to create, and much paint to consume
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural bloom
Which Nobody should deny.

Hilliard

The Lover he begs the dear Nymph to comply,
She begs he'd begone; but her languishing eye,
Still begs he would stay. for a maid she can't die.
Which none but a fool would deny.

Enter 1st Beggar PS

1st Beggar

Alack, this is no time to Sing. — Our Quarter is beset, we ~~are all in the Net~~ shall be all taken. Leave off your merriment.

Hilliard

Why, what's the matter?

2d Beggar (Within) P.S

Bing a vast! bing avast. the Quer Cove and the Harman Beck.

Vincent

I hope we shall be taken! { Oliver.

Enter Scentwell & Constables P.S.

Scentwell

Beset the Quarters round, be sure that none escape

Hilliard

Blessed Master, to a many Distress'd

Scentwell

To a many Counterfeit Rogues! . so

frolick

frolick and so Lamentable all in a breath? Why you were ~~dancing and~~ Singing but now, incorrigible Vagabonds —If you Expect any mercy, own the truth; we are come to search for two young Ladies Heiresses among you— Daughters to the worshipful Justice Clack Where are they. What have you done with 'em?

Rachel

What do you want, with them, Mr. Scentwell?

Scentwell

Precious! how did my haste over look you both— O, Young Ladies Cou'd I, or your Worshipful Father Justice Clack, a wiser man than I ever have thought to have found you in such Company.

Rachel

Of us Sir, and our Company we have a Story to delight you, which on our march towards the House, we will relate.

Scentwell

And thither will I lead you, but to the Law surrender all the rest; I'll ~~come~~ make your peace with his Worship.

Vincent

Pray how are we to fare?

{ Glack. Scentwell } 8

Rachel

That's as you behave {Smiling}

Exeunt P.S.

Enter Oliver O.P.

Oliver

So the coast is clear, and I may come from my hiding place — a mighty pretty adventure I have had. — I cou'd not think of quitting the ground till I saw what was become of the game — And so my pretty little Beggar Wenches turn out to be my old Neighbour Clack's Daughters

Daughters! — what a puppy was I
not to discover them. — well I must
éen see to get out of this scrape as
well as I can for Girls are damn'd
tell Tales, and these will certainly
run open mouth'd to their Father, I
had best try to get to the Justice's be-
fore this Comical crew arrive there
and that I can easily do by running
acrofs my own Fields ~~looking out~~
I must brazen it out, and tell them they had like to have been beholden
to their disguise for something more than they probably bargain'd for, at setting
looking out | out upon their travels
So, Master Scentwell, their conductor,
has quitted them I see; and they move
on but slowly. — I'll make what
haste I can to old Worshipfull's —
I was born with a pretty good face —
pray Heav'n it don't fail me now. —

Exit P.S.

Chamber. 2d. Gr.

Scene — Justice Clacks House

Enter Justice Clack & Scentwell O.P.

Clack

Eh! what what What? did you find my Daughter with Beggars. that is to say, Vagabonds, that is to say, Rogues, that is to say—

Scentwell

Please your Worship I found 'em—

Clack

Nay, if we both Speak together, how shall we hear one another. well, well, I have forgiven you, provided that my Girls be safely taken and so to be brought home safely, I say, that is to say, unstain'd, unblemish'd, undis=honour'd that is to say with no more faults, Criminal or accusative than those they carried abroad with them.

Scentwell

Please your Worship I believe—

Clack

Nay if we both speak together, how

how shall we hear one another.[2] you
believe their Virtue is ~~as~~ armour
of proof, and have therefore left them
in the hands of Rogues & Vagabonds
to make their peace with me — you have
it — provided I say (as I said before)
that they be safe, that is to say (unstain'd) uncor-
rupted, undefil'd, that is to say — as
I said before —— and —

Scentwell

Please your Worship, my only way —

Clack

Nay if we both speak how shall we
hear one another.[?] —

Enter Oliver OP. Exit Scentwell OP.

9
Hilliard
Vincent
Rachel
Meriel

Clack

Ahah! Master Oliver, you are just
come in time to see me in high Spirits —
my runaway Daughters are come back; ~~and~~
and I'm so overjoy'd — with a — ~~that~~

~~xxxx~~ a hay! Boy — a hay! this is
right, that is to say, as I wou'd have it —
that is to say — as I said before! od!
I am all mirth all Jollity, Since my
vagrant Girls are found — with a hay! Boy!
~~xxx~~ — Trol li lol li lo li lo li lo. —
Come, lets have our old Song, Master
Oliver.

Oliver

With all my heart Sir.

Song

Oliver

There was a Maid and she went to the mille
Sing trolly, lolly lolly lolly ~~xxx~~ lo.
The Mill turn'd round but the maid stood still

Clack

Oh ho did she so, did she so, did she so

Oliver

The Miller he kiss'd her away she went
Sing trolly lolly, lolly lolly ~~xxx~~ lo

A 49

Oliver

The maid was well pleas'd, & the miller content

Clack

Oh ho! was he so &c —

Oliver

He dan'cd and he Sung while the Mill went clack

~~Clack~~

Sing trolly lolly, lolly lolly lo

Oliver

And he cherish'd his heart with a cup of old Sack

Clack

Oh ho! did he so &c —

Enter Vincent, Hilliard, Rachel and Meriel, &c OP.

in their proper Dresses.

Clack

What my Daughters and their lovers too? my blessing and a welcome to you all! — I have heard of your adventures

adventures, and I forgive you, be one another's and you are all mine.

Vincent & Hilliard

We are agreed on that.

Rachel & Meriel.

Long since.—

Clack

Ahay! master Hilliard! give me your hand and ahay. Master Vincent. Give me yours we'll have the Weddings to morrow— that is to say Bridals, that is to say Marriages— that is to say— as I said before.

Rachel

Are not you Sir /to Oliver/ the Gentleman who would have made Beggars sport with us.

Meriel.

Two at Once!

Rachel

Two for a Shilling!

10

{ Beggars all ready behind for the last Chorus.

Song Meriel.

What haste you were in to be doing
When two at a time you were wooing
You men are so keen when once you begin
You fancy you néer shall have done

Rachel

What haste you were in to be billing
With two at a time for a Shilling

~~Meriel~~

What haste you were in to be billing
Rachel
With two at a time for a Shilling

Meriel

Yet quickly you'd find

Rachel

If any prove kind

Meriel

You'd work enough meet with one

Both

You'd work enough meet with one

Oliver.

There were some misunderstandings, I confess, But I hope we are all friends.

Clack

Ay, ay, we are all friends and shall continue so; and to shew we are friends let us be merry, and to shew we are merry let us have a Song — and then tomorrow for these Weddings — that is to say, nuptials, ~~Rabbidges~~ — that is to say — as I said before — Ah, you little runaway Hussies.

Finale. Song. Clack

Come let us Sing and Dance & Play
For now I'm brisk and light and Gay
Since my Girls no longer stray
My Life shall hence be Holiday

Merill

Dear Papa the frolick's o'er
And we will ramble now no more

I've tried my lover and I find
The blessing of a constant mind.

Vincent

Here I fix my utmost aim
And thus my tender prize I claim (kissing her)
When my charmer pleases I
The beggar tone again will try.

Rachel (to Oliver)

When next you woo Sir come to me
And I'll instruct you how to see
Be not doubtful or you'll find (taking Hill.d by the hand.)
That neither will to you be kind

Hilliard

The happiness I had in view
Is center'd all, my Love, in you;
You, my dearest, are my fate
Nor can I ever hesitate.

Oliver

Ladies pray excuse your Lover
Who cou'd beggars charms discover
Till you find your beauty fading
Go no more a Masqueading.

Rachel

But hold there's something yet to do
These friends shou'd give a sanction too
Smile then Gentles kind we pray
And compleat our Holiday.

Chorus.

Smile then Gentles kind, we pray;
And compleat our Holiday.

Finis

Dance end of 1.st Act

Change Sides & back again Turn
Take Crutches & go Under one Another
Draw
Give Crutches all round
Stick up Four then all together
& go round
Take off Partners

Dance

Cross & back again